

The BALLAD of the CLOAK:

Or, The Cloaks Knavery.

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold, or Packington's Pound.*

Come buy my new Ballet, I have't in my Wallet, But 'twill not I fear please every Pallet: Then mark what ensu'th, I
swear by my Youth, That every Line in my Ballad is truth: A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth, 'Tis newly printed, and
newly come forth. 'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown, that cramp't all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

I'll tell you in brief,
A story of Grief,
Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
It tore Common Pray'rs,
Imprison'd Lord May'rs,
In one day it voted down Prelates and Prayers;
It made People perjurd in point of Obedience,
And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp't all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown,*

It was a Black Cloke,
In good time be it spoke;
That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroke;
With Hatchet and Rope,
The Forlorn Hope,
Did joyn with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
It set all the Sects in the City to work;
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Those fierce Demi-Gorgons;
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs:
The Pulpits did smoak,
The Churches did Choak;
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read;
It set Public Faith up, and pull'd down the Creed.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious impostor
Such fury did foster,
It left us no Penny, nor no *Pater-Noster*:
It threw to the Ground
Ten Commandments down,
And set up twice Twenty times ten of its own:
It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind Peoples Eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise:
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out — *Fight the Lards Battels beloved*:
It bobtail'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down;
It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an Army did bring:
To aim at the Council, but shoot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
Whose politic Pates
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
It gave a Commission to kill one another:
It took up Men's Horses at very low Rates;
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed,
It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed:
Though Cloak did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come such a Bloody Disaster,
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though some of them went hence
By sorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance;
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thousand times ten,
Are plotting to do their tricks over again:
But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop;
Or *D & N* will provide him a Button and Loop:
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.*

Let's pray, That the King,
And His Parliament,
In Sacred and Secular Things may consent;
So Righteously firm,
And Religiously free;
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be.
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us.
Then Peace, Truth and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popish Plots and their Plotters shall down.